

1507/1274

High Life below Stairs:

A F A R C E.

WRITTEN BY

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGER'S BOOK

AT THE

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

MEN.

Lovel,	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Freeman,	-	-	-	Mr. Packer
Philip,	-	-	-	Mr. Suet
Duke's servant,	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer
Sir Harry's servant,	-	-	-	Mr. Williams
Robert,	-	-	-	Mr.

WOMEN.

Kitty,	-	-	-	Miss Pope
Lady Bab's maid,	-	-	-	Miss Collins
Lady Charlotte's maid,	-	-	-	Mrs. Kemble

SCENE, LONDON.

High Life below Stairs.

ACT I. SCENE, *An apartment in Freeman's house.*
Freeman and Lovel entering.

Freeman.

A Country boy! ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lov. Some time.—I am now convinced of what you have often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh, are you satisfied at last, Mr. Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St. James's than in your kitchen.

Lov. 'Tis with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr. Freeman; though I must own, my expences often make me stare.—Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks—If there is a rogue among my folks, it is that furly dog Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is a hypocritical rascal; Tom has a good deal of furly honesty about him; and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Lov. Pr'ythee, Freeman, how came you to be so well acquainted with my people? None of the wenches are handsome enough to move the affections of a middle-aged gentleman as you are—ha, ha, ha!

Free. You are a young man, Mr. Lovel, and take a pride in a number of idle unnecessary servants, who are the plague and reproach of this kingdom.

Lov. Charles, you are an old-fashion'd fellow. Servants a plague and reproach! ha, ha, ha. I would have forty more, if my house would hold them.—Why, man, in Jamaica, before I was ten years old, I had a hundred blacks kissing my feet every day.

Free. You gentry of the western isles are high mettled ones, and love pomp and parade. I have seen it delight your soul when the people in the street have stared at your equipage; especially if they whispered loud enough to be heard, "That is 'Squire Lovel, the great West Indian'"—ha, ha, ha!

Lov. I should be sorry if we were splenetic as you northern islanders, who are devoured with melancholy and fog—ha, ha, ha! No, Sir, we are children of the sun, and are born to diffuse the bounteous favour which our noble parent is pleased to bestow on us.

Free. I wish you had more of your noble parent's regularity, and less of his fire. As it is, you consume so fast, that not one in twenty of you live to be fifty years old.

Lov. But in that fifty we live two hundred, my dear; mark that—But to business—I am resolved upon my frolic—I will know whether my servants are rogues or not. If they are, I'll bastinado the rascals; if not, I think I ought to pay

for my impertinence. Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr. Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house. However, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free. You shall: but it is an hundred to one if you get any thing out of him; for though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell any thing to the disadvantage of another.—Who waits?—*[Enter servant.]* Send Robert to me. *[Exit servant.]* And what was it determined you upon this project at last?

Lov. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my curiosity—read it. *[Gives the letter.]*

Free. I should know something of this hand—*[Reads.]*

“To Peregrine Lovel, Esq.

“Please your Honour,

“I take the liberty to acquaint your Honour, that you are sadly cheated by your servants—Your Honour will find it as I say—I am not willing to be known; whereof, if I am, it may bring one into trouble.

“So no more from your Honour’s
servant to command.”

—Odd and honest! Well—and now what are the steps you intend to take?

Lov. I shall immediately apply to my friend the manager for a disguise.—Under the form of a gawky country-boy, I will be an eye-witness of my servants behaviour. You must assist me, Mr. Freeman.

Free. As how, Mr. Lovel?

Lov. My plan is this—I gave it out that I was going to my borough in Devonshire; and yesterday set out with my servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke.

Free. Well?

Lov. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turned back, and am just come to town.—*Ecce signum!* *[Points to his boots.]*

Free. It is now one o’clock.

Lov. This very afternoon I shall pay my people a visit.

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenants sons, who wants to be made a good servant-of.

Free. They will certainly believe you.

Lov. Never fear; I’ll be satisfied, that you shall not know



HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

5

know me. As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them.

Free. Shall you be able to play your part?

Lov. I am surpris'd, Mr. Freeman, that you, who have known me from my infancy, should not remember my abilities in that way.—How I play'd Daniel in the Conscious Lovers, at school, and afterwards arriv'd at the distinguished character of the mighty Mr. Scrub. *[Mimicking.]*

Free. Ha, ha, ha! that is very well—Enough—Here is Robert.

Enter Robert.

Rob. Your Honour order'd me to wait on you.

Free. I did, Robert.—Robert—

Rob. Sir—

Free. Come here. You know, Robert, I have a good opinion of your integrity.

Rob. I have always endeavour'd that your Honour should.

Free. Pray, have not you some acquaintance among Mr. Lovel's people?

Rob. A little, please your Honour.

Free. How do they behave?—We have nobody but friends—you may speak out.

Lov. Ay, Robert, speak out.

Rob. I hope your Honours will not insist on my saying any thing in an affair of this kind.

Lov. Oh, but we do insist, if you know any thing.

Rob. Sir, I am but a servant myself; and it would not become me to speak ill of a brother servant.

Free. Psha! this is false honesty—speak out.

Rob. Don't oblige me, good Sir. Consider, Sir, a servant's bread depends upon his *caracter*.

Lov. But if a servant uses me ill—

Rob. Alas, Sir! what is one man's poison is another man's meat.

Free. You see how they trim for one another.

Rob. Service, Sir, is no inheritance.—A servant that is not approved in one place, may give satisfaction in another. Every body must live, your Honour.

Lov. I like your heartiness as well as your caution; but in my case, it is necessary that I should know the truth.

Rob. The truth, Sir, is not to be spoken at all times; it may bring one into trouble, whereof if—

Free. *[Musing.]* Pray, Mr. Lovel, let me see that letter again. *[Lovel gives the letter.]*—Ay—It must be so—Robert.

Rob. Sir.

Free. Do you know any thing of this letter?

Rob. Letter, your Honour?

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Free. Yes, letter.

Rob. I have seen the hand before.

Low. He blushes.

Free. I ask you if you were concerned in writing this letter? You never told me a lie yet, and I expect the truth from you now.

Rob. Pray, your Honour don't ask me.

Free. Did you write it?—Answer me.

Rob. I cannot deny it. [*Bowing.*]

Low. What induced you to do it?

Rob. I will tell the truth. I have seen such waste and extravagance, and riot and drunkenness, in your kitchen, Sir, that as my master's friend, I could not help discovering it to you.

Low. Go on

Rob. I am sorry to say it to your Honour, but your Honour is not only imposed on, but laughed at by all your servants, especially by Philip, who is a very bad man.

Low. Philip? An ungrateful dog! Well?

Rob. I could not presume to speak to your Honour; and therefore I resolved, though but a poor scribe, to write your Honour a letter.

Low. Robert, I am greatly indebted to you—Here—

[*Offers money.*]

Rob. On any other account than this, I should be proud to receive your Honour's bounty; but now I beg to be excused.

[*Refuses the money.*]

Low. Thou hast a noble heart, Robert, and I'll not forget you. Freeman, he must be in the secret. Wait your master's orders.

Rob. I will, your Honour.

[*Exit.*]

Free. Well, Sir, are you convinced now?

Low. Convinced? Yes; and I'll be among the scoundrels before night. You Robert must contrive some way or other to get me introduced to Philip as one of our cottager's boys out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha! You'll make a fine figure.

Low. They shall make a fine figure.—It must be done this afternoon:—Walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole. My name shall be Jemmy; and I am come to be a gentleman's servant—and will do my best, and hope to get a good character.

[*Mimicking.*]

Free. But what will you do if you find them rascals?

Low. Discover myself, and blow them all to the Devil.—Come along.

Free. Ha, ha!—Bravo—Jemmy—Bravo, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Park.* *Duke's Servant.*

What wretches are ordinary servants, that go in the same vulgar track every day! eating, working, and sleeping!—But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms—have ser-

vants

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

7

wants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters. Ha! my dear Sir Harry.

Enter Sir Harry's Servant.

How have you done these thousand years?

Sir Har. My Lord Duke! your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, baronet, and where have you been?

Sir Har. At Newmarket, my lord. We have had devilish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance, I hear. Pox take it, I should have been there; but our old Duchess died, and we were obliged to keep house, for the decency of the thing.

Sir Har. I picked up fifteen pieces.

Duke. Psha! a trifle!

Sir Har. The Viscount's people have been bloodily taken in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, baronet, they knew nothing of the turf.

Sir Har. I assure you, my lord, they lost every match; for Crab was beat-hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slamerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't. Taste this snuff, Sir Harry. *[Offers his box.]*

Sir Har. 'Tis good rappee.

Duke. Right Strasburgh, I assure you; and of my own importing.

Sir Har. Aye!

Duke. The city-people adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own snuff—I wish my Lord would do the same; but he is so indolent.—When did you see the girls? I saw Lady Bab this morning; but, 'fore Gad, whether it be love or reading, she looked as pale as a penitent.

Sir Har. I have just had this card from Lovel's people.—
[Reads.] “Philip and Mrs. Kitty present their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a small party, and eat a bit of supper.”

Duke. I have the same invitation.—Their master it seems is gone to his borough.

Sir Har. You'll be with us, my Lord?—Philip's a blood.

Duke. A buck of the first head. I'll tell you a secret—he's going to be married.

Sir Har. To whom?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir Har. No!

Duke. Yes, he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir Har. Then we may depend upon your Grace for certain—ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our house breaks up in a tolerable time, I'll be with you.—Have you any thing for us?

Sir Har. Yes, a little bit of poetry.—I must be at the Cocoa-Tree till eight.

Duke. Heigh-ho! I am quite out of spirits—I had a damned

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

damned debauch last night, baronet.— Lord Francis, Bob the bishop, and I, tipt off four bottles of Burgundy a piece.—Ha! there are two fine girls coming! Faith, Lady Bab;—ay, and lady Charlotte.

[Takes out his glass.]

Sir Har. We'll not join them.

Duke. O yes: Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion: tho' I should be glad she would keep her teeth cleaner. Your Englishwomen are damned negligent about their teeth. How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir Har. My Charlotte!

Duke. Ay, the world says you are to have her.

Sir Har. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir Har. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh, damn it, that's insufferable.

Sir Har. Besides, she's a fool, and miss'd her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, Baronet, you love money. Rot it, I never save a shilling. Indeed I am sure of a place in the ex-cise. — Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night. How do you manage that?

Sir Har. Why, we do meet at a third place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. A-la-mode. Ha! here they are.

Sir Har. Let us retire.

[They retire.]

Enter Lady Bab's maid and Lady Charlotte's maid.

L. Bab. Oh fye, Lady Charlotte, you are quite indelicate! I am sorry for your taste.

L. Char. Well, I say it again, I love Vauxhall.

L. Bab. O my stars! why there is nobody there but filthy citizens.

L. Char. We were in hopes the raising the price woud have kept them out. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Bab. Ha, ha, ha! Runelow for my money.

L. Char. Now you talk of Runelow, when did you see the Colonel, Lady Bab?

L. Bab. The Colonel! I hate the fellow. He has had the assurance to talk of a creature in Glo'stershire before my face.

L. Char. He is a pretty man for all that. Soldiers, you know, have their mistresses everywhere.

L. Bab. I despise him. How goes on your affair with the Baronet?

L. Char. The Baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him. You are to be at Lovel's to-night, Lady Bab.

L. Bab. Unless I alter my mind. — I don't admire visiting these commoners, Lady Charlotte.

L. Char. Oh, but Mrs. Kitty has taste.

L. Bab.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

9

L. Bab. She affects it.

L. Char. The Duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

L. Bab. The Duke might shew his judgment much better.
[Holding up her head.]

L. Char. There he is, and the Baronet too. Take no notice of them. We'll rally them bye-and-bye.

L. Bab. Dull souls! Let us set up a loud laugh and leave 'em.

L. Char. Ay, let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us, we shall certainly be mobb'd.

Both. Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! [Exeunt.]

Duke and Sir Harry come forward.

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us. I must follow.

Sir Har. No, no.

Duke. I must, I must have a party of raillery with them—a bon mot, or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me. Adieu. I'll be with you in the evening, if possible—Though, hark ye! there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so you know, mum! We must mind the stops of the great fiddle. Adieu. [Exit.]

Sir Har. What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read. It was but the other day that he was cow-boy in the country, then was bound 'prentice to a perriwig-maker, got into my Lord Duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. *O tempora! O mores!*

Re-enter Duke's servant.

Duke. Sir Harry, pr'ythee what are we to do at Lovel's when we come there.

Sir Har. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy, I positively cannot be with them; unless we have a little—

[Makes a motion as if with the dice-box.]

Sir Har. Fye, my Lord Duke.

Duke. Look you, baronet, I insist on it. Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it? But I shall lose the girls. How grave you look! Ha, ha, ha! Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir Har. But, my dear Lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.

Duke. Well, I won't be particular; I'll do as the rest do. Tol, lol, lol. [Exit singing and dancing.]

Sir Har. [solus.] He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune, and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an Ensign in a marching regiment, so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off; but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter Philip.

Mr.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Mr. Philip, your servant.

Phil. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry, I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company. My master is gone into Devonshire. We'll have a roaring night

Sir Har. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The girls will be with us.

Sir Har. Is this a wedding-supper, Philip.

Phil. What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. The Duke tells me so.

Phil. The Duke's a fool.

Sir Har. Take care what you say; his Grace is a bruiser.

Phil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you. Sir Harry, we'll have a noble hatch! have such wine for you!

Sir Har. I am your man, Philip.

Phil. Egad, the cellar shall bleed: I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor. My master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my Lord What-d'ye-call-him with: but I told him it was all gone, ha! Charity begins at home. Odso, here is Mr. Freeman, my master's intimate friend; he's a dry one. Don't let us be seen together; he'll suspect something.

Sir Har. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away; remember, Burgundy is the word.

Sir Har. Right long corks! ha, Phil? [*Mimicks the drawing of a cork.*] Yours.

Phil. Now for a cast of my office, a starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary, hem!

Enter Freeman.

Free. Oh, Philip! how do you do, Philip? You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss, indeed, sir, so good a gentleman! He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time. Sir, your servant.

[*Going.*]

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his Honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip

Phil. Servants at such times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, sir

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, sir; sir, your servant.

[*Going.*]

Free. Oh, Mr. Philip, pray stay; you must do me a piece of service.

Phil. You command me, sir

[*Bowing.*]

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest — [*Philip bows.*] rascals in the world

[*Aside*]

Phil. Your Honour is pleased to compliment

Free.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

71

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man. Poor fellow, he has a great number of children, and they have sent me one of 'em, a tall gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say they can do nothing with him

Phil. Let me have him, sir.

Free. In truth he is an unlik'd cub.

Phil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, sir. Now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, sir. In two months I'll engage to finish him

Free. I don't doubt it

[*Aside*]

Phil. I have twenty pupils in the parish of St. James's: and for a table, or a sideboard, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or any thing.

Free. What have you for entrance?

Phil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity

Free. Here is a guinea. I beg he may be taken care of.

Phil. That he shall, I promise you [*Aside.*] Your Honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly.

[*Aside.*]

Phil. When can I see him, sir?

Free. Now; directly call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Phil. Sir, I will be with you in a minute. I will but step into the market to let the next tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board wages. Humph!

Free. How happy is Mr. Lovel in so excellent a servant!

[*Exit.*]

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas. Damn all such sneaking scoundrels, I say.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The Servants Hall in Lovel's House.*

Kingston and Coachman drunk and sleepy.

[*A knocking at the door.*]

King. Somebody knocks, coachy, go, go to the door coachy

Coach. I'll not go; do you go, you black dog

King. Devil shall fetch me if I go

[*Knocking.*]

Coach. Why then let him stay: I'll not go damme. Ay, knock the door down, and let yourself in

[*Knocking.*]

King. Ay, ay, knock again, knock again.

Coach. Master is gone into Devonshire, so he can't be there. So I'll go to sleep.

King. So will I, I'll go to sleep too.

Coach. You lie, devil, you shall not go to sleep till I am asleep, I am king of the kitchen

King. No, you are not king; but when you are drunk, you are sulky as hell. Here is cooky coming; she is king and queen too.

Enter Cook.

Cook

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Cook. Somebody has knocked at the door twenty times, and nobody hears. Why, Coachman, Kingston, ye drunken bears! why don't one of you go to the door?

Coach. You go, Cook, you go.

Cook. Hang me if I go.

King. Yes, yes, cooky, go; Mollsy, Polisy, go.

Cook. Out, you black toad. It is none of my business, and go I will not. [Sits down]

Enter Philip and Lovel disguised.

Phil. I might have stayed at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket. What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John, Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two bears.

Phil. Ah, ha, my lads! what finished already? These are the very best of servants. Poor fellows; I suppose they have been drinking their master's good journey. Ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't. [Aside.]

Phil. Yo ho! get to bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again bye-and-bye. They are as fast as a church, Jemmy.

Lov. Anon.

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes, I loves ale.

Phil. You dog, you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgundy! what's that?

Phil. Cook, wake those honest gentlemen, and see them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake 'em, sir, if I might, heh.

Phil. Do, Jemmy, wake 'em! Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Hip, Mr. Coachman. [Gives him a great slap on the face.]

Coach. Oh, oh! What! Zounds! Oh! damn you.

Lov. What, blackey, blackey! [Pulls him by the nose.]

King. Oh, oh! What now, curse you! Oh!

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Ha, ha, ha!—Well done, Jemmy. Cook, see those gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up, I say so too; not I indeed.

Coach. She shan't see us to bed. We'll see ourselves to bed.

King. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together. [Exeunt reeling.]

Phil. You see how we live, boy.

Lov. Yes, I sees how you live.

Phil. Let the supper be elegant, Cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My master, to be sure; who else? Ha, ha, ha! He is rich enough, I hope. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Humph!

Phil.

Phil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. Soh! *[Aside.]*

Cook. Pr'ythee, Philip, what boy is this?

Phil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm 'squire Freeman's boy, — heh —

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound, and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! that is good — Freeman shall have it *[Aside.]*

Cook. I must step to the tallow-chandler's to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

Phil. Well said Cook, that is right; the perquisite is the thing, Cook.

Cook. Cloe, Cloe! where are you, Cloe? — *[Calls.]*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Yes, mistress —

Cook. Take that box, and follow me. *[Exit.]*

Cloe. Yes, mistress — *[Takes the box]* — Who is this?

[Seeing Lovel.] He, he, he! — Oh — This is pretty boy — He, he, he! — Oh — This is pretty red hair — He, he, he! You shall be in love with me, hee-and-bye — He, he, he! *[Exit, chucking Lovel under the chin.]*

Lov. A very pretty amour *[Aside.]* Oh, la! what a fine room is this! — Is this the dining-room, pray Sir?

Phil. No; our drinking-room.

Lov. La! la! what a fine lady here is — This is madam, I suppose.

Phil. Where have you been, Kitty? *[Enter Kitty.]*

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his Honour's shirts and other linen, which it is a shame his Honour should wear any longer. — Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here? *[Lovel bows.]*

Phil. A boy of Freeman's; a poor, silly fool —

Lov. Thank you *[Aside.]*

Phil. I intend the entertainment this evening, as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr. Philip.

Phil. But I beg I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the Duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil. *[Pawningly.]*

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellow's family —

Lov. A dog! *[Aside.]* O la, la! what! have you five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead.

Kit.

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear.

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded.

[*Apart.*

Kit. You know my education was a very genteel one. — I was a half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native. *Comment vous portez vous, Monsieur?* [*Awkwardly.*

Phil. Psha, psha!

Kit. One is nothing without French. I shall shine in the bar. Do you speak French, boy?

Low. Anon.

Kit. Anon. O the fool! ha, ha, ha! Come here, do, and let me new-mould you a little. You must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night.

[*She ties and powders his hair.*

Low. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! O the natural! This is a strange head of hair of thine, boy. It is so coarse, and so darronty!

Low. All my brothers be red in the pole. [*P. and K. laugh.*

Kit. There, now you are something like. Come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the Servant's Guide.

Phil. Come, Sir, first, hold up your head. Very well. Turn out your toes, Sir. Very well. Now call Coach.

Low. What is call-coach?

Phil. Thus, Sir! Coach, coach, coach!

[*Loud.*

Low. Co—ach, co—ach, co—ach!

[*Imitating.*

Phil. Admirable! the knave has a good ear. Now, Sir, tell me a lie.

Low. O la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Phil. Then it is high time you should begin now. What is a servant good for that can't tell a lie!

Kit. And stand in it. Now I'll lecture him [Takes out a book.] This is "The servants guide to wealth, by Timothy Shouder-knot, formerly servant to several noblemen, and now an officer in the customs; necessary for all servants."

Phil. Mind, Sir, what excellent rules the book contains, and remember them well. Come, Kitty, begin.

Kit. (*Reads.*) Advice to the footman.

"Let it for ever be your plan

"To be the master, not the man,

"And do as little as you can.

Low. He, he, he! Yes, I'll do nothing at all, not I.

Kit. "At market never think it stealing

"To keep with tradesmen proper dealing:

"All stewards have a fellow-feeling."

Phil. You will understand that better one day or other, boy.

Kit. To the groom.

"Never allow your master able

"To judge of matters of the stable:

"If

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

15

" If he should roughly speak his mind,
" Or to dismiss you seems inclin'd,
" Lame the best horse, or break his wind."

Lov. Oddins! that's good, he, he, he!

Kit. To the coachman.

" If your good master on you doats,
" Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger;
" But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,
" And let the horses eat the manger."

Lov. Eat the manger! he, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time. Here, boy, take the book, and read it every night and morning before you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha ha! very good; but now for business.

Kit. Right. I'll go and get one of the damask table-cloths, and some napkins; and be sure, Phil, your sideboard is very smart.

Phil. That it shall. Come, Jemmy.

Lov. Soh! soh! It works well.

[Exit.

[Exit.

[Exit.

ACT II.

*Scene, The Servants Hall, with the supper and sideboard set out.
Philip, Kitty, and Lovel.*

Kit. WELL, Phil, what think you? Don't we look very smart? Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Phil. 'Tis all very well, but——

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phil. I don't know; he is a queer son of a——

Kit. Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking, half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phil. Here he is.

Enter Tom.

—And why won't you make one to-night, Tom? Here's cook and coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, now you think yourself mighty honest, ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honefter than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Hark you, Mr. Honesty, don't be saucy.

Lov. This is worth listening to. [Aside.

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah, cully! Afraid, sirrah! afraid of what?

[Goes up to Tom.

Phil. Ay, Sir, afraid of what?

Lov. Ay, Sir, afraid of what?

[Goes upon the other side.

[Goes up too.

Tom. I value none of you. I know your tricks

Phil. What do you know, firrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Lov. Ay, Sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house, and that you, Mr. Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hanged

(Strikes Lovel)

Phil. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. It is an honest blow

(Aside)

Tom. I'll strike him again. 'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. Egad, madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses———There's your good friend, mother Barter, the old clothes woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his Honour's linen

Kit. Well, Sir, and did you never, ha?

Tom. No, never:—I have lived with his Honour four years, and never took the value of that (snapping his fingers)—His Honour is a prince, gives noble wages, and keeps noble company; and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers. Shame on you!

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue, is the only honest servant in my house

(Aside)

Kit. Out, you meally-mouth'd cur

Phil. Well, go tell his Honour, do———Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that. Damn an informer! But yet I hope his Honour will find you two out one day or other, that's all (Ex.)

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of

Phil. I'll do his business for him when his Honour comes to town

Lov. You lie, you scoundrel, you will not (Aside)—O la! here is a fine gentleman

Enter Duke's Servant

Duke. Ah, ma chere Madamelle! Comment vous, portez vous?

(Salute)

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercie, Monsieur

Phil. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale

Duke. How do you do, Philip?

Phil. Your grace's humble servant

Duke. But, my dear Kitty

(Talk apart)

Phil. Jemmy

Lov. Anon

Phil. Come along with me, and I'll make you free of the cellar

Lov. Yes—I will—But won't you ask *he* to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by-and-bye. Come along

Lov. Yes

(Exeunt Philip and Lovel)

Kit. Indeed I thought your grace an age in coming

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up. You have a damned vile collection of pictures, I observe, above stairs,

stairs, Kitty.—Your 'squire has no taste

Kit No taste! that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money

Duke There is not an original picture in the whole collection. Where could he pick 'em up?

Kit He employs three or four men to buy for him; and he always pays for originals

Duke Donnez moi votre eau de luce——My head aches confoundedly—*(She gives a smelling-bottle)*—Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married

Kit Pardonnez moi for that

Duke If you get a boy, I'll be godfather, 'faith

Kit How you rattle, Duke; I am thinking, my Lord, when I had the honour to see you first

Duke At the play, Madamfelle

Kit Your grace loves a play?

Duke No, it is a dull, old-fashioned entertainment, I hate it

Kit Well, give me a good tragedy

Duke It must not be a modern one then—You are devilish handsome, Kate—Kiss me *(Offers to kiss her)*

Enter Sir Harry's Servant

Sir Har Oh oh! are you thereabouts, my Lord Duke? That may do very well bye-and-bye; however, you'll never find me behind hand *(Offers to kiss her)*

Duke Stand off, you are a commoner—Nothing under nobility approaches Kitty

Sir Har You are so devilish proud of your nobility; now I think, we have more true nobility than you—Let me tell you Sir, a Knight of the Shire——

Duke A Knight of the Shire! Ha, ha, ha! a mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county

Kit O Lud, this is charming, to see two noblemen quarrel

Sir Har Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable

Kit Well said, Sir Harry, that is good morillity

Duke I hope you make some difference between hereditary honour and the huzzas of a mob

Kit Very smart, my Lord; now, Sir Harry——

Sir Har If you make use of your hereditary honour to screen you from debt

Duke Zounds, Sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit Hold, hold! I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here—Ha' done, Sir Harry

Sir Har Not I; why, he is always valuing himself upon his upper house

Duke We have dignity

Sir Har But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies?

Kit Peace, peace; here's Lady Bab

Enter Lady Bab's Servant in a chair

Dear Lady Bab

L. Bab

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

L. Bab. Mrs. Kitty, your servant. I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you do? My lord duke, your servant, and Sir Harry too yours.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted.

L. Bab. I am afraid I have trespassed in point of time [*Looks on her watch.*] But I got into my favourite author.

Duke. Yes, I found her ladyship at her studies this morning. Some wicked poem——

L. Bab. O you wretch! I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

L. Bab. Shikspur. Did you never read *Shikspur*?

Kit. Shikspur! Shikspur! Who wrote it? No, I never read *Shikspur*.

L. B. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other. Here's lady Charlotte.

Enter Lady Charlotte's Maid in a chair.

Dear lady Charlotte!

L. Char. Oh, Mrs. Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house. Such a fit of the cholic seized me. Oh, lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here? My chairmen were such drones. My lord duke! the pink of all good breeding.

Duke. O ma'am.

[*Bowing.*]

L. Char. And Sir Harry! Your servant, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Madam, your servant. I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

L. Char. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, Sir. Remember the Park.

Sir Har. I'll explain that affair, madam.

L. Char. I want none of your explanations. [*Stornfully.*]

Sir Har. Dear lady Charlotte!

L. Char. No, sir; I have observed your coldness of late, and despise you. A trumpery baronet?

Sir Har. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility. That sly dog the marquis.

L. Char. None of your reflections, Sir. The marquis is a person of honour, and above enquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir Har. I, I, madam? I scorn such a thing. I assure you madam, I never, that is to say, egad, I am confounded. My lord duke, what shall I say to her? Pray help me out.

[*Aside.*]

Duke. Ask her to shew her legs, ha, ha, ha!

[*Aside.*]

Enter Philip and Lovel loaded with bottles.

Phil. Here, my little peer, here is wine that will ennoble your blood. Both your ladyships most humble servant.

Lov. [*Affecting to be drunk.*] Both your ladyships most humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phil.

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar—ha, ha, ha!

Low. Yes, I am free, I am very free

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial Tokay

Low. Yes, I have been drinking Kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep child, that you may wait on his lordship bye-and-bye

Low. Thank you, madam,——I will certainly wait on their lordships, and their ladyships too *[Aside and exit]*

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then to supper?

All. A dance, a dance.

Enter Coachman, Cook, Kingston, Cloe, and Fiddler.

Duke. With submission, the country dances bye-and-bye.

L. Char. Ay, ay, French dances before supper, and country dances after. I beg the duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us *[Sir Harry bows]*

All. Minuet, Sir Harry—minuet, Sir Harry.

Fid. What minuet would your Honours please to have?

Kit. What minuet!—Let me see—Play Marshal Thingumbob's minuet.

A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty, awkward and conceited.

L. Char. Mrs. Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come, now to supper. A gentleman and a lady—Here, fiddler *[gives money]* wait without.

Fid. Yes, an't please your Honour. *[Exit with a tankard.]*

Phil. *[They sit down]* We will set the wine on the table. Here is Claret, Burgundy, and Champaign, and a bottle of Tokay for the ladies. There are tickets on every bottle. If any gentleman chooses Port—

Duke. Port!—'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you? Lady Charlotte, pray be free: The more free the more welcome, as they say in the country. The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves. *[A pause.]*

Duke. Lady Charlotte, "Hob or Nob."

L. Char. Done, my lord—in Burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company *[They drink. A pause]*

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round. I have a health for you. "Here is to the amendment of our 'masters and mistresses'"

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

[Loud laugh. A pause]

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

L. Char. Do you mean an old single gentleman?

All Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha !

(*Loud laugh*)

Phil My Lord Duke, your toast

Duke Lady Betty—

Phil Oh no. A health and a sentiment

Duke A health and a sentiment ! No, no, let us have a song. Sir Harry your song

Sir Har Would you have it ? Well then, Mrs. Kitty, we must call upon you. Will you honour my muse ?

All A song a song ; ay, ay, Sir Harry's song, Sir Harry's song

Duke A song to be sure—but first—preludo (*Kisses Kitty*)
Pray, gentlemen put it about (*Kissing round—King. kisses Cloe*)

Sir Har See how the Devils kiss !

Kit I am really hoarse ; but, hem ; I must clear up my pipes, hem ; this is Sir Harry's song ; being a new song, intitled and called, *The Fellow Servant ; or, All in a Livery*

Come here, fellow servants, and listen to me,
I'll shew you how those of superior degree

Are only dependents, no better than we

[*Cho.*] Both high and low in this do agree,

'Tis here fellow servant,

And there fellow servant,

And all in a livery

See yonder fine spark in embroidery dress,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile is blest ;
What is he, i'faith, but a servant at best !

Cho. Both high, &c

Nature made all alike, no distinction she craves :
So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its knaves ;
For we are all servants, but they are all slaves

Cho. Both high, &c

The fat shining glutton looks up to the shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself

Cho. Both high, &c

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,
And with eyes, lips, and neck, sets the smarts all in arms,
Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.

Cho. Both high, &c

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing, and love ;
And when sick of one place, to another we'll move ;
For, with little and great, the best joy is to rove

Cho. Both high and low in this do agree,

That 'tis here fellow servant,

And there fellow servant,

And all in a livery

Phil How do you like it, my Lord Duke ?

Duke It is a damned vile composition

Phil How so ?

Duke O very low ! very low indeed !

Sir Harry

Sir Har Can you make a better?

Duke I hope so

Sir Har That is very conceited

Duke What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir Har Scoundrel! You are a rascal——I'll pull you by the nose *(All rise)*

Duke Look ye, friend, don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies. If you are a gentleman, name your weapons

Sir Har Weapons! What you will—Pistols

Duke Done. Behind Montague-house

Sir Har Done, with seconds

Duke Done——

Phil Oh, for shame, gentlemen! My Lord Duke——*Sir Harry*, the ladies! fie *(Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing (A violent knocking))* What the devil can that be, Kitty

Kit Who can it possibly be?

Phil Kingston, run up stairs and peep *(Exit Kingston)* It sounds like my master's rap. Pray Heaven it be not he! *(Enter Kingston)* Well, Kingston, what is it?

King It is master and Mr. Freeman. I peep'd through the key-hole, and saw them by the lamp-light. Tom has just let them in

Phil The devil he has! What can have brought him back?

Kit No matter what, away with the things

Phil Away with the wine—away with the plate. Here, coachman, cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand. Out with the candles: away, away *(They carry away the table, &c)*

Visitors What shall we do? What shall we do?

(They all run about in confusion)

Kit Run up stairs, ladies

Phil No, no, no! He'll see you then

Sir Har What the devil had I to do here!

Duke Pox take it, face it out

Sir Har Oh no; these West Indians are very fiery

Phil I would not have him see any of you for the world

Low (without) Philip—where's Philip?

Phil Oh the devil, he's certainly coming down stairs——*Sir Harry*, run down into the cellar My Lord Duke, get in to the pantry Away, away!

Kit No, no, do you put their Ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his Grace into the coal-hole

Visitors Anywhere, anywhere——Up the chimney, if you will

Phil There, in with you *(They all go into the pantry)*

Low (within) Philip, Philip

Phil Coming, Sir *(Aloud)* Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit Yes, here is one

Phil Egad, this is Black Monday with us. Sit down, seem

to

to read your book. Here he is, as drunk as a piper

(They sit down Enter Lovel with pistols, affecting to be drunk; Freeman following)

Lov. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons? What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk indeed *(Aside)* Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good book, your Honour.

Free. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Come, sit down, Freeman. Lie you there *(Lays his pistols down)* I come a little unexpectedly perhaps, Philip.

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, Sir

Lov. I have some accounts that I must settle.

Phil. Accounts, sir! To-night?

Lov. Yes, to-night; I find myself perfectly clear. - You shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling

Phil. Your Honour will go into the parlour?

Lov. No, I'll settle 'em all here

Kit. Your Honour must not sit here

Lov. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, Sir; the room has not been washed above an hour

Lov. What a cursed lie that is

(Aside)

Duke. Philip, Philip, Philip

(Peeping out)

Phil. Pox take you! hold your tongue

(Aside)

Free. You have just nick'd them in the very minute

(Aside to Lovel)

Lov. I find I have, mum *(Aside to Freeman)* Get some wine, Philip *(Exit Philip)* Though, I must eat something before I drink. Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

Kit. In the pantry? Lard, your Honour! we are at board-wages

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat

Lov. You shall have it. Here *(rises)* Open the pantry-door, I'll be about your board-wages. I have treated you often; now you shall treat your master

Kit. If I may be believed sir, there is not a scrap of any thing in the world in the pantry

(Opposing him)

Lov. Well then, we must be contented, Freeman. Let us have a crust of bread and a bottle of wine. *(Sits down again)*

Kit. Sir, had not my master better go to bed?

(Makes signs to Freeman that Lovel is drunk)

Lov. Bed! not I, I'll sit here all night: 'tis very pleasant, and nothing like variety in life

Sir Har. *(Peeping)* Mrs. Kitty, Mrs. Kitty

Kit. Peace on your life

(Aside)

Lov. Kitty, what voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's sir, Hem

Lovel

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

23

Low. (*Philip brings wine*) Soh, very well. Now do you two march off; march off, I say

Phil. We can't think of leaving your Honour, for egad, if we do, we are undone

Low. Begone—My service to you Freeman, this is good stuff

Free. Excellent

Kit. We are undone; undone

Phil. Oh, that is the Duke's damned rappee.

Low. Didn't you hear a noise Charles?

Free. Somebody sneezed, I thought

Low. Damn it, there are thieves in the house. I'll be among 'em.

Kit. Laak-a-day, fir, it was only the cat. They sometimes sneeze for all the world like a Christian. Here, Jack, Jack. He has got a cold, fir. Pufs, pufs

Low. A cold! then I'll cure him. Here, Jack, Jack, pufs, pufs

Kit. Your Honour won't be so rash. Pray, your Honour don't—

Low. Stand off. Here Freeman, here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well primed, as you see. Freeman, I'll hold you five to four; nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the cat through the key-hole of that pantry-door

Free. Try, try; but I think it impossible

Low. I am a damned good marksman (*Cocks the pistol, and points to the pantry-door*) Now for it! (*A violent shriek, and all is discovered*) Who the devil are all these? One, two, three, four

Phil. They are particular friends of mine, Sir; servants to some nobleman in the neighbourhood

Low. I told you there were thieves in the house

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. I assure your Honour, they have been entertained at our own expence, upon my word

Kit. Yes, indeed, your Honour, if it was the last word I had to speak

Low. Take up that bottle (*Philip takes up a bottle with a ticket to it, and is going off*) Bring it back. Do you usually entertain your company with Tokay, Monsieur?

Phil. I, Sir, treat with wine!

Low. O yes, from humble port to imperial Tokay too. Yes, I loves Kokay.

Phil. How! Jemmy, my master!

Kit. Jemmy! the devil!

Phil. Your Honour is at present in liquor, but in the morning when your Honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.

Low. (*Changing his countenance*) We'll set all to rights now. There, I am sober at your service. What have you to say, Philip? (*Philip starts*) You may well start. Go, get out of my sight

Duke

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS

Duke Sir, I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his Grace the Duke of——

Low And the imprudence familiarly to assume his title—Your Grace will give me leave to tell you, that is the door, and if you ever enter there again, I assure you, my Lord Duke, I will break every bone in your Grace's skin Begone

Duke (Aside) Low-bred fellows! *(Exit)*

Low I beg their Ladyships pardon; perhaps they cannot go without chairs. Ha ha, ha!

Free Ha, ha, ha! *(Sir Harry steals off)*

L Char This comes of visiting commoners *(Exit)*

L Bab They are downright Hottenpots *(Exit)*

Phil and Kit I hope your Honour will not take away our bread

Low "Five hundred pounds will set you up in a chocolate-house: You'll shine in the bar, madam." I have been an eye witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude

Phil and Kit Oh Sir! good Sir!

Low You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning—And there, madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you'll read: "night and morning before you say your prayers"

Kit I am ruined and undone *(Exit)*

Low But you, Sir, for your villany, and (what I hate worse), your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house—And here comes an honest man to shew you the way out: Your keys, sir. *(Philip gives the keys)*

(Enter Tom)

Tom, I respect and value you. You are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement. Be so good, *Tom*, as to see that gentleman out of my house *(points to Philip)* and then take charge of the cellar and plate

Tom I thank your Honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow-servant

Tom No remonstrances, *Tom*, it shall be as I say

Phil What a cursed fool have I been *(Exeunt servants)*

Low Well, Charles, I must thank you for my frolic——

It has been a wholesome one to me. Have I done right?

Free Entirely: No judge could have determined better. As you punish the bad, it was but justice to reward the good

Low A faithful servant is a worthy character

Free But what an insufferable piece of assurance is it in some of these fellows to affect and imitate their masters manners

Low What manners must those be which they can imitate?

Free True

Low If persons of rank would act up to their own standard, it would be impossible that their servants could ape them. But when they affect every thing that is ridiculous, it will be in the power of any low creature to follow their example.